UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Church and State

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

While California's Governor Deliberates

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

America—East to West

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part VI—Chapter XXXIV

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1929 NUMBER 21

A SCIENTIST'S PSALM

Almighty Power! Too vast to be
Compassed by human mind or hand,
With loving awe we reverence Thee,
Striving to see and understand.

Within the atom's ordered maze,
Earth's lumined book, writ to be read,
Beyond the star-dust's far-flung haze,
We seek Thy works with joy, not dread.

Our souls, which, by Thy richest grace,
Have waked to justice—mercy—love,
Find in humanity Thy face,
And serving men, serve Thee above.

JEROME ALEXANDER.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1929, was a great and historic day, second only in memorable importance to August 27th, 1928. As this latter date was the day in which the Briand-Kellogg Treaty "for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" was presented to the world in Paris, so this former date was the day on which the acceptance of this Treaty was proclaimed to the world in Washington. In a ceremony deliberately made impressive by its setting at the White House, by the presence of the Cabinet, Ex-President Coolidge, Ex-Secretary Kellogg, Senator Borah, and all ambassadorial and diplomatic representatives in the capital, and by the great speech of proclamation by President Hoover, the Briand-Kellogg Treaty was duly announced to be a part of the law of nations, and thus from this day forth the guiding-star of peace. Everything on this occasion was momentous and significant. Nothing from beginning to end, however, pleased us quite so much as the presence by express invitation of the Secretary of State, on behalf of the President of the United States, of SALMON O. LEVINSON. Be it noted that MR. LEVINSON was the only private citizen of this country to be received on this historic occasion into this great official company. What this means is two things of the utmost importance. (1.) It means, first, that the Outlawry of War is recognized and acclaimed as the heart of the Peace Pact. It has been denied that the Treaty is an Outlawry document. Here is the official proof that it is! (2.) It means, secondly, that the author and maker of the Outlawry doctrine, and therefore the father of the Treaty, is recognized to be SALMON O. LEVINSON. This also has been denied. False claimants—Professor Shotwell, Mr. Colcord, and others—have been put forward. Here is the official pronouncement that to MR. LEVINSON belongs the praise! To this great and ever modest man, in the hour of his immortality achieved, UNITY extends its congratulations and offers its meed of gratitude.

As though to test the efficacy of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty at the very moment of its inauguration, along came the menacing quarrel between Russia and China in Manchuria. For a time it seemed as though war were coming in the same old hopeless and terrifying way, with the Peace Pact not more important than a feather in the path of an onrushing locomotive. Here was the worst kind of a quarrel between nations—the one type of dispute, rooted in economic causes, and quickened by sentiments of sovereignty, national honor and patriotic pride, which many students of peace are ready to argue must always break out once in so often into armed conflict. In just such clashes as this over the Eastern Chinese Railroad is war doomed to endure forever! And so it seemed, as the days drew on to the date when the Briand-Kellogg Treaty was to be proclaimed at the White House, with the war-clouds lowering ever darker over Asia. No single nation had any power to intervene; diplomatic negotiation was futile; the League of Nations was helpless, since Russia is outside the sacred pale. Only one thing stood in the way of hostilities—the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for "the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" — the fact, namely, that both Russia and China had signed this solemn agreement. Here was the one chance to save the situation—and this chance Secretary Stimson seized with a promptitude and vigor worthy of all praise. Instantly he was able to mobilize the public sentiment of the world about this covenant of peace, and therewith challenge Russia and China to redeem their promises. And instantly it was discovered that already the Peace Pact had created a new world. Says the New York *World*:

> Had this quarrel arisen twenty years ago men would have felt under obligation to make up their minds as to whether they favor the Russion or the Chinese position. The radical change which has come into the thought of the modern world in the last ten years lies in the fact that men have concluded not to let their sense of who is right turn them from their determination to stop the war regardless of who may be right.

This is the inner significance of the Kellogg treaty. Therefore today the world does not ask itself whether it favors the Chinese or the Russians. It says to both of them that this is a quarrel which must not break into war, and that the necessity of preventing war outweighs every other consideration. It says to both of them that their dispute is one which is not beyond the capacities of statesmanship to solve and that if either or both of them resort to violence it must face the unreserved condemnation of the whole civilized world.

At the very moment when President Hoover was proclaiming the Treaty in Washington, its blessed influence was preserving peace, under conditions of severest strain, in Manchuria. Thus early, the great instrument has stood the test, and therewith proved that we have found the way to get rid of war forever.

The triumph of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty in Manchuria—the greatest single victory for peace in our time—is not the only evidence of the supreme efficacy of this document. Thus, on the day before the proclamation of the Treaty, President Hoover made the sensational announcement, which shook the militarists of this country 'till their teeth chattered, that he proposed a drastic slashing of the army budget, now the largest in the world. On the very day of the proclamation of the Treaty, President Hoover shocked the navy men, and sent a thrill of excited joy throughout the nation and the world, by announcing that he had ordered work on the three giant cruisers, authorized by Congress at the last session, to be indefinitely suspended, pending negotiations with England for reduction of armaments. Both of these actions, said the President, were dictated by the coming into effect of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. This solemn pledge to renounce "war as an instrument of national policy" must mean something—and here were two of the things which he proposed to make it mean! Not to be outdone by his distinguished colleague in Washington, Premier MacDonald in London has taken steps to indicate that he also accepts the Peace Pact, and believes that it marks a turning-point in history which justifies things unheard of hitherto. Thus, on the same great day that President Hoover announced the suspension of naval building in this country, Mr. MacDonald announced the same suspension in Britian. In addition, the Prime Minister has stated his intention to go to Geneva, to represent the Empire at the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations next month, and to submit to the nations there gathered the following policies which, he declares, comprise "the logical consequences of this obligation of the signatories of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty under Article II":

First, immediate adhesion to the optional clause of the World Court statute whereby its compulsory jurisdiction in all legal disputes is recognized in advance.

Second, a promise to accept in the near future the League's "general act" for the pacific settlement by arbitration and conciliation of all disputes without exception.

Third, hearty support for the League's draft convention for financial assistance to the victims of aggression, which is scheduled to have its first thorough discussion during the September meeting.

Fourth, a strong disarmament program, including support for the French plan of disarmament by budgetary limitation and also, it is quite possible, for the project for the control of disarmament which the French practically dropped at the Preparatory Commission's Spring session.

Things never done before are now transpiring. The Peace Pact is the miracle of our time.

From the beginning we have had perfect confidence that President Hoover's administration would mark the first period of honest and effective Prohibition reform in this country's history. Indeed, we have gone beyond this in cherishing the faith that Mr. Hoover would so demonstrate the success of Prohibition as to remove it permanently from the arena of public discussion. We know, for example, that Mr. Hoover is what Mr. Harding was not, a "dry" both by profession and by practise. He wants to see Prohibition succeed, and proposes to do his utmost to make it succeed. Secondly, we believe that Mr. Hoover has what Mr. Coolidge had not, the ability as well as the intention to accomplish his purpose. No abler social engineer ever sat in the presidential chair, and every ounce of his vast capacity and experience is going to be used to the end of vindicating this "noble experiment." If anybody needs conviction upon this point let him consider the famous Wickersham letter and its significance. It is amazing to us that, amid all the acres of newspaper space devoted to discussion of this letter, there is to be found scarcely a square inch of intelligent appreciation of what the letter means. Here is the secret, as we see it! Some months ago the "wets," rousing themselves from the knock-out blow of the late presidential campaign, announced a new and, in their own eyes, very clever campaign against the 18th Amendment. They were going to focus their attention, they said, not upon the nation but upon the states, and thus devote themselves to detaching one state after another from support of federal enforcement of the law. They had captured New York, were now capturing Wisconsin, and would soon capture other states, for the great cause of liquor. Now, suddenly, before this campaign can get well under way, comes the Wickersham letter, announcing the intention of the administration to drive against these same "wet" states, and demand an open choice between loyalty to the Constitution, and nullification. The "wet" forces, in other words, have moved, only to be thrown promptly into "check," with "check-mate" only another move or two ahead. If ever there was a masterpiece of strategy, this is it—as witness the fact that the "wets" do not yet know what has happened to them.

Those of our friends who believe that the United States should wipe its slate clean of the European debts because they believe that this great and prosper-

ous nation should do its utmost to help Europe to complete recovery from a war which was a common disaster to us all, might well divert their frustrated hopes in this regard to another situation pressing upon the world's attention. We refer to the new tariff bill now upon the table of the Senate. If any of us want to give aid and assistance to the European peoples, how can we more effectually do it than by opening our markets to their products, and thus enabling them by prompt and profitable sales to secure the wherewithal not merely to pay the small proportion of their debts which we have not cancelled, but also to restore their own stricken and wasted life? For there is no way in which Europe can survive economically except by building up great industries and exporting upon a vast scale the surplus products of these industries. And yet we are insisting that Germany shall pay her reparations, and the Allied powers their uncancelled debts to us, and at the same time walling off by an enormous tariff barrier the one market in which these nations can most swiftly and surely do business! The debt situation may be on our side a disgrace, as many Americans seem to think it is. We do not happen to think so, for reasons frequently and abundantly stated in these columns. But, granted that this debt indictment is sound, we insist that the new tariff law, which dooms our foreign debtors to poverty, is a much more terrible and far less defensible disgrace. It is bad enough to rob our own citizens, as the tariff barons are now so amiably proposing to do—but we can stand it! Infinitely more terrible is it to impoverish our neighbors, and at the same time insist that they pay their bills. Here is the place for the cancellationists to strike —straight and sure as an axe-blade at the roots of this tariff abomination! Yet, so far as we can make out, these same cancellationists are not so much as making a "peep" against the conspiracy now on in Washington.

India has just given a new and remarkable illustration of the efficacy of Gandhi's policy of non-violent non-cooperation when applied with patience and courage. In the district of Bardoli, the land tax was suddenly raised by the imperial Government no less than 22 per cent. The people of Bardoli refused to pay. They started no agitation, precipitated no rows, attempted no violence. They simply declared they would not pay the tax, and left the next move to the authorities. As usual, the Government applied pressure. Thus, it forbade the men to reap the crops. Immediately the women went into the fields while the men looked quietly on, and the harvest was gathered without interference. Other disabilities and penalties were laid upon the recalcitrant people. But all in vain! With perfect good nature, men and women went about their business, and waited for the officials to put a whole population in prison for non-payment of taxes. At last, driven to extremity by the peaceful resistance of the people, the authorities sent an official committee to investigate the situation, which committee in due course reported that "no enhancement (of the land tax) greater than 5½ per cent is justified." Commenting upon this amazing backdown of Government before a determined populace, the Manchester *Guardian* declares that "it must be regarded as a blow to the regime of the Indian Civil Service." Mrs. Annie Besant shows the other and more significant side of the event when she writes, in *New India,* "It is a great triumph for Gandhiji, and for his followers who lived there, and who trained and disciplined the villagers, teaching them how a truly passive resistance should be carried on." And she adds, "Bardolis all over India would free the Motherland without striking a blow."

The Church and State

Society is a flowing stream; the individual elements of which are constantly changing. For the purpose of security and enrichment through successive generations mankind has developed organizations which have a certain permanency. These are tools of society. They are means and not ends. The State is one of these tools. It is static compared with society. It yields to change reluctantly. But it does yield in the end for it depends for its existence upon the people who are the individual units of society.

The tools of society are many. Some are comparatively small and unimportant and others large and important. They are all made up of individuals who are at once members of society and of one or more tools of society.

Every individual must play many parts in the drama of life if he is to take part in the drama at all. No man can be said to live well unless he lives and works in many capacities. A man's life in society depends on a very complex set of relations with other people. A carpenter is also the father of a family, a citizen of a city, county and state, a member of a trade union, a lodge and a church. In each of these, including the trade by which he earns his living he serves society and thereby serves himself.

If a man were only a carpenter then he would be a part of the social order but shut out from much that enlarges and enriches life. For these tools of society are double edged and they serve the self and others.

As the mechanic has different tools for different purposes, so the various organizations of society serve

different ends. The modern mechanic has a very highly diversified set of tools. He uses each one for a particular purpose. He does not today use an adz for a plane. So modern society does well when it insists that each of its tools shall do the work for which it was intended.

The analogy between the tools of the mechanic and those of society of course can not stand on all four legs. The tools of the mechanic are under his control but those of society have a certain independence due to the fact that these social tools are made up of what are at the same time the component parts of society. They are in short made up of individuals who crave power. The plane does not desire to be the auger, but the religionist all too often has a passionate desire to be a statesman or something else.

It is the nature of human individuals to desire power. They find the opportunity for the satisfaction of this desire in the organization to which they belong. The leader of a social tool obsessed with the power that he has attained often turns this tool against society. This means inevitable conflict. It does not mean that the tool is to be rejected but that society must hold it to its proper uses.

The mechanic loses power if he rejects the tools of his trade. The carpenter who uses only an axe can not compete with one who uses his full assortment of tools. The same is true of society. We return to the axe age in society if we rely on only one tool. If the Church rules society and is the one social tool, both are weakened and corrupted by the power the former possesses.

Power is the one temptation that man can not resist. Men seek power to do good and the attainment of their end is their undoing. They seek to make men do their will and in so far as they do this they work evil and not good. The existence of many agencies of society means that no one of them can secure the power which corrupts both them and society.

It is for the good of the Church as well as society that it is not the one or the dominant tool of society. Even the division of the Church into sects makes for the higher good of society. For the power associated with religion placed in the hands of one organization would make a force with which it would be very difficult if not impossible for society to control. The only escape for society in this event would be through the weakening of the Church through its being debased by the power it possessed. One Church in power would lose the benefits and stimulus of criticism. It is only in diversity of thought and action that there is progress. Thus mankind always loses when any organization attains primacy over all other organizations of society. The Church is a tool of society which can be and is used for certain purposes. It has its own means for attaining these purposes. If it is used for other purposes or uses other means it may retain its power but it has ceased to be a church. The ends of the church are spiritual and its means spiritual. When it turns from these ends and uses other means then it ceases to function as a Church. A Church which seeks political power and organizes its members on the basis of their voting strength has done this very thing. And when the representative of the Church speaking for the Church calls upon the political strength of the members of the Church in order to obtain his ends, then he has not only betrayed his Church but has ceased to be in any true sense a representative of religion. There is an impassable gulf between the method that appeals to mankind's sense of what is right and good and the method which says we have a majority back of us and you have got to do what we want you to do.

The State has become, it was not once so, the most imposing tool of society. It serves as a method by which men attain a greater sense of security and a larger opportunity than they otherwise would have. But it does not follow that because the State was the tool which overthrew the power of the Church that it should be set up in place of the Church as the one and only one tool of society. In the Middle Ages the Church claimed leadership over all mankind. It undertook to rule king and peasant. It sought to embrace within itself every function of society. Though the Church has lost its power it is well to remember that it has never renounced its claim to that power.

When the State attempts to function as the one sole organization or tool of society, when the State attempts to control the thought and action of men it will fail and fail for the same reason that the Church failed. There is a point at which mankind as members of society will rise up and say, "thus far and no further."

It is not my purpose to outline the functions of the State but only to insist that the State is only one of the many tools of society. If experience has anything to teach mankind it is that it can not commit its destinies to any one organization. It may be impossible to rigidly mark the limitations of all or even one organization. In many cases they may and perhaps ought to overlap as in the field of education. But this much seems certain that there are certain fields of action that ought to be reserved for a particular organization. The State should not enter the field of religion or the Church the field of the State.

Laws are made by the State. If those who are in control of the law-making body are wise they will not make laws which do not have the support of public opinion. Laws are "rules of the road." They are never perfect because enacted by imperfect men. But they do make for the security and good of all. It is the business of the state to enforce the laws it makes.

It has only one weapon with which to enforce and that is force. With the State the law is the law and that is all there can be to it. From the very nature of the State it can not argue, it can not reason. It can only discuss whether or not the law has been disobeyed.

It is for the above reason that duties to the State should only be committed to it with great care. For while the State has the one means, force, it only has it as it is given to it by society. There is no such thing as the enforcement of law as law unless there is back of it that shadowy tenuous thing which we call public opinion. Laws should not be passed hurriedly or by mere temporary majorities. They should have back of them as the reason for their enactment a solid basis of public opinion. For once a law has been placed on the statute books it becomes the duty of every officer of the state to enforce it. All education, all appeals to reason vanish the moment law appears.

At the present time the advocates of prohibition are not arguing the benefits of the law but they are insisting that the law be enforced. The representatives of the churches, abandoning the sphere of moral and spiritual appeal are insisting upon the use of force. As individuals they have no doubt a perfect right to step out of their role as ministers of religion and act as citizens of the State. But when ministers of religion, as ministers of religion, organize their churches as political units let it be thoroughly understood that these churches have in so doing abandoned their position in the moral and spiritual field of action.

Only recently one of the leaders of one of the great denominations has called upon the President to use the army and navy of the United States to enforce the law. This is turning the offender over to the "secular arm" with a vengeance. He is calling upon the State to use force when it has no force to use. For it must be repeated that the State is helpless in the long run unless backed by public opinion. If the law is good and is necessary for the welfare of mankind then it is the business of the Church, if it has any business on earth, to appeal to the moral idealism of the people so that the law will reflect public opinion.

It is a serious matter for both Church and State as well as for mankind generally when either of these two great agencies of society attempt to rule.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

America—East to West

(Editorial Correspondence)

Perhaps, I know too much to write well of Seattle, my home for twenty years. My memory goes back to 1889, when returning from Alaska I spent a few hours watching the smoldering ashes of the great fire, which nearly blotted out the city. A dozen years later, I attended the annual meeting of the American Board, when Washington Gladden voiced his powerful protest against the Board receiving "tainted money." Then, in 1908, wanting to "plant my family where it would remain for eight generations, to improve with each generation," I picked Seattle as being for that purpose exactly suited in climate and location on the Pacific, which "would be the future theatre of the activities of mankind." "The best laid plans. . . . " Of those three branches of the family one is at this minute in the Pamirs, a second is in Geneva, while my youngest, a daughter, is here helping me to pack some family souvenirs to take with her to her home in California.

Seattle is wonderfully located, few cities in the world having finer natural assets. Seattle surpasses Rome in the number and size of her hills, some of them running up five hundred feet. The citizen of a neighboring city says that it is a fine "show city," since the hills are so arranged as to have the effect of a gallery, from which half the inhabitants can be seen and can see. Rather interestingly, Seattle at the very beginning of her existence recorded her ambition to be the "New York of the West." She has nearly half a million inhabitants now. She early became a trading center, and her Port Commission reports every now and then that her business stands among the leading three or four ports of the country. Part of this business is handled under public ownership and control.

Two large lakes—Green and Union—each three miles in circumference—are within city limits. A third, Lake Washington, runs for twenty miles along the east side of the city, while Puget Sound, salt water, bounds the west side. The harbor is deep and large—sufficient for sinking all the navies of the world, while the hilltops would seat the spectators—and is named along with the three or four best harbors in the world—Sydney, Queenstown and Buenos Aires. From Queen Anne Hill where I am writing I can look eastward upon the Cascades, fifty miles away, snow-capped, with Mount Baker at the northern end of the range and Mount Rainier at the southern end—the two a hundred miles apart. I can also look west-ward upon the Olympics—the two ranges having scores of peaks towering from 10,000 to over 14,000 feet into the sky. If scenery inspires people to write poetry, much poetry should come forth from Seattle. My children tell me that scenery has nothing to do with the production of poetry. They may be right. At any rate, the people of Seattle are not a poetical people.

If the newspapers were better, there might be more poetry. The three leading dailies (there are also a couple of Japanese dailies) are as bad as the papers of Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles. They are flashy, sensational, obscene in spots, and scrappy in the presentation of news. One can understand why Tolstoy declined to read the daily paperes, on the ground that he did not propose to expose himself to the filth and falsehoods of life before he took up his daily work. Within the past two days two peculiarly devilish editorials have appeared—emphasized by type and position—calculated to draw us into war with Russia. One was on the way the Russian women were being trained

in the use of machine-guns, to *murder!* It asks will American workers have anything to do with *such* workers? This morning, another paper had a cross-page, scream-editorial on Russia, the Bully, that must be stopped by the democracies of the world! This editorial was carried under the aegis of Truth, Justice, Public Service—coupled up sanctimoniously with a scripture text (religion *must* be eternal to survive its treatment). A few days ago, I joined in a public celebration of the proclamation of the Peace Pact. It was a good day for cultivating hope in the future of mankind; but, when one of the daily papers is spread before one with its deadly and vicious propaganda, he is moved to exclaim, "What's the use!" Won't some newspaper offer $10,000 for the best essay on "How to produce and maintain a newspaper along the lines of Truth, Justice and Public Service?"

Seattle is one of the best lighted cities in the world. There is illimitable water power in the mountains, fifty miles away. Excellent drinking water. This power is harnessed for lighting, power, and in these latter days for heating and cooking. The waterworks are owned and managed by the city, even as are the public schools!

Electric lighting is divided between the city and Puget Power, a private corporation. When the city became a competitor, rates took a drop of probably fifty percent. The city is still in the lead. But the corporation will bear watching. The greatest fight has been over the street railway which was sold to the city by Puget Power during the war. Unfortunately the city paid $16,000,000 for the railway, twice too much. The city owned the railway but the Power Company owned the mortgage, together with hamstringing conditions, resulting in a decline in railway efficiency, with the prospect in my judgment of the railway falling back into the hands of Puget Power.

But, in spite of internal conflicts, Seattle is a wonderfully lighted city. In this respect, it is like heaven, where there is no night. Contrary to public opinion in the country the rainfall at Seattle is almost exactly what it is in New York and Chicago. The days are longer in the summer, and shorter in the winter than in New York. I can easily read now outdoors, after nine o'clock in the evening. And in the morning, the sun peeps into my room as early as five o'clock, or earlier. I have now been here for three weeks this summer. Scarcely a half hour continuous rain during this period. The days have been gorgeously pleasant.

Seattle's population is made up of a larger percentage of American born than are eastern cities. It is noticeable, that very many come here from the Atlantic Coast states. That the average intelligence is high is doubtless true. Schools rank well, and compulsory attendance is effective. There are many citizens of Scandinavian origin. They stand well. A street-car conductor, Canadian, testified, having been on several different runs in different parts of the city, that he found the most intelligent and well-behaved people "on the Ballard run, out among the Scandinavians." Judge Frederick Baussmand, formerly of the State Supreme Court, a German, once remarked that the most civilized nation in the world was Sweden.

Has the time not come for a revival of the effort to acquaint Americans with the national cultures of the nations whose children have migrated to our land—a revival of the pageantry and exhibitions of pre-war days, arranged with the distinct purpose of revealing the riches of the cultures of foreign races. Let us forget "America first" for a while and discover the riches of the Scandinavians, Italians, Russians, Greeks and Germans—of course the Irish and the British—brought to us from over the Seas.

Two things have astonished me, in crossing the continent. First, how the chain stores continue to multiply. One of the best stores on the Pacific Coast is the important store in Seattle—Frederick and Nelson. It has always stood for what is fine, solid and permanent in business. One would have expected Mt. Rainier to walk over and link up with Mt. Baker as much as to see change in Frederick and Nelson. It was announced, the day I arrived, that it had joined a chain headed by the great store of Marshall Field and Co. of Chicago. All fields of activity nearly have been entered. The second thing that is astonishing is the spread of speculation. A well-informed lawyer told me that the times were hard, and very many out of work, but the appearance of prosperity was maintained by speculation. I found in the Hotel Olympic—Seattle's crack hotel—as I have seen in the Waldorf-Astoria—a large room fitted up with black-board, with ticker and quotations, where men and women congregate, with cheeks flushed, to watch the rise and fall of stocks, as given in New York, 3000 miles away. I was surprised to learn that some of my old friends, quite proper and pious in former days, were trying to get moderately rich, by patronizing the stock exchange. They were seeking to "lay up something for a rainy day." A real estate dealer told me that people were not buying much in real estate, because they are "speculating in stocks so much."

It was a pleasant surprise to discover an unusual school, in the Moran Boys School, just across the Sound from Seattle. There are about fifty private boys' schools on the coast from Seattle to San Diego. Moran is one of the two or three best. Its origin is interesting. Frank G. Moran is the son of Robert Moran, Seattle's first big ship-builder. Through his experience in the Boys' Work of the Y. M. C. A. along with the study of Eastern schools and methods, he worked out a plan in which he has followed new lines, without dropping the best of the old. Emphasis is laid upon personal contact between pupil and instructor. High grade instructors are enlisted in the work. For fourteen years the school has had a remarkable record in the test of graduates entering other institutions of higher learning. They make good. Two years ago Mr. Moran made the venture of securing the beautiful grounds and buildings at Atascadero, California, and moving his entire school (instructors, pupils, etc.) there for one semester. Then the same school moved back to the old site near Seattle. This year beginning in September, there will be a school at each of the two places. Then, at the beginning of the second semester, in January, these two schools will change places. If I were responsible for the education of a boy in grade or Junior College work, I saw enough of Moran School, Seattle, to incline me to at least send for a catalogue.

SIDNEY STRONG.

While California's Governor Deliberates

Governor Young of California, who rates as a "progressive," has at last undertaken a study of the record of the cases of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, now serving the thirteenth year of life sentences in California prisons for a crime which the trial judge and the jurors say they did not commit. This is the first time in thirteen long years that any governor has consented to study the record. For that we should be grateful, though gratitude must be tempered with indignation that he has let Mooney's petition lie on his desk without action for two and a half years.

The case is the most scandalous of any frame-up of labor leaders in our history,—and they have been many. It is scandalous because almost from the day of Mooney's conviction, revelations of perjury made it clear that the men had nothing to do with the Preparedness Day bomb explosion in San Francisco which cost the lives of ten spectators and wounded forty more. The trial judge at once moved for a new trial; so did the attorney-general. The Supreme Court under the law could not grant it. The only relief lay with the governor. The governor refused to act, save to commute Mooney's death sentence to life imprisonment on the earnest plea of President Wilson who intervened because of the effect of working-class agitation abroad on the morale of the allied peoples. From that day to this no governor has responded to the repeated pleas of the trial judge, the police officials and citizens who declare the men innocent.

The case is a greater scandal than that of Sacco and Vanzetti, in which nobody connected with the prosecution conceded the innocence of the men. In this case everybody who has examined the confessions and proofs of perjury concedes their innocence.

Why in the light of these revelations and the appeal of the very men who convicted them, have governors been deaf? The answer lies in the control of politics in California by the great public utility companies, which engineered the convictions of these men. Public opinion is still dominated, in its upper reaches at least, by the conviction that these militant labor agitators ought to be in jail "on general principles." Fremont Older quotes one of their leaders as saying "We have the right men on the wrong evidence." It is the same line of talk I heard repeatedly in Boston at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation; "They are Wops and anarchists, and ought to be executed on general principles, guilty or innocent."

No governor politically indebted to these powerful interests has dared reopen the case. The courts had spoken. Why take on the responsibility of sifting the evidence of perjury, even if the trial judge urged it? But Governor Young was forced to consider the issue, —after two years,—when every juror in the Mooney case expressed belief in his innocence, when a petition was laid before him signed by the leaders of public and religious life,—Bishop Parsons of the Episcopal Church, Archbishop Hanna of the Roman Catholic, Fremont Older, Chester Rowell and David Starr Jordan. That was a year ago. He said then that he would go into the case in his vacation in the summer of 1929, as it would take "some months" of his time. Yet I venture the statement that the governor could easily make up his mind on the basis of all the evidence necessary by reading ten pages of the affidavits with the proof of perjury. He does not need to read the record of a trial in which every witness has since been completely discredited. If my word seems partisan, let the trial judge, Franklin A. Griffin, speak:

> The Mooney case is one of the dirtiest jobs ever put over, and I resent the fact that my court was used for such a contemptible piece of work.

And further:

> Subsequent revelations damned every witness who testified before me against them as perjurious or mistaken.

The main facts of the frame-up by a corrupt district attorney, thoroughly discredited by an investigation made by the federal department of Labor, have long been known. What Judge Griffin says now, he said in 1917 just after the trial. Yet why has there been no persistent agitation for the men's freedom? Why at last is the issue opened up? The explanation lies in the tactics favored by Mooney and his friends, who asked that no public movement be undertaken while they were collecting the mountain of evidence necessary to clinch the demand for pardon. Further, they felt that a quiet campaign directed to the governor would more likely result favorably than a public campaign which would arouse the opposition. That tactic failed. The public campaign begun a year ago followed. It is being waged in three quarters,—by the Mooney Molders Defense Committee at San Francisco, which Mooney personally directs from his cell at San Quentin, by the National Mooney Billings Committee, organized by the American Civil Liberties Union, and by two independent California committees.

From all over the country the response has been unanimous for pardon. Not a voice of opposition is heard. But the opposition exists, and it is powerful. A representative of the Baltimore *Sun* in California, who interviewed the leaders of business, found almost unanimous opposition to the men's pardon,—"on general principles." They reflected in more cautious and elegant language the statement of one of the district attorneys who tried (and helped fix) the case:

> If I knew that every single witness who testified against Mooney had perjured himself, I wouldn't lift a finger to get him a new trial. If the thing were done that ought to be done, the whole dirty low-down bunch would be taken out and strung up without ceremony.

This powerful opposition to the pardon of two men proved innocent, goes back to the struggle between the utility companies of San Francisco and organized labor in 1916 and before. Mooney and Billings were both identified with the militant wing. Violence marked the fight. The unions were getting strong, and the employers determined on the open shop. A private detective employed by them framed cases of dynamiting against both Mooney and Billings. Mooney was acquitted, but Billings was sent to prison for two years.

When the bomb explosion occurred in 1916, the occasion seemed made to order to get these men. The same detective at once took charge of the hunt for the perpetrators, and working with the corrupt district attorney elected by the same utilities which employed him, was not long in fastening the crime on Mooney, Billings and their friends. Other clues were ignored. In the excitement and indignation, it was all too easy to make a plausible public case against labor agitators. Billings was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom Prison, near Sacramento. Mooney was sentenced to death, commuted to life imprisonment

a year later, and sent to San Quentin Prison near San Francisco. Three others indicted with them—among them Mooney's wife—were held for later trial. But the revelations of perjury made their conviction impossible. Two were at once acquitted; one was never tried.

Yet scandalous as was this whole perversion of the courts to the private ends of the utility companies, few voices were raised in California. The agitation nationally, which was acute while Mooney was under sentence of death, died down when his sentence was commuted. Everybody whose opinion in California counted—with a few notable exceptions—was satisfied to have somebody in prison for the bomb outrage, and who better than two militant labor agitators? It fitted the corporation's propaganda picture of their character.

Now at last a governor is forced to review the facts. If he writes an opinion on the evidence, he can come to but one conclusion. If he chooses to generalize, he can avoid meeting the issue. He has behind him the consciousness of the demand of the State Federation of Labor, of the State Federation of Churches, of civic bodies and leaders for the men's pardon. But to offset it he knows well the attitude of the great business interests, silent but eloquent.

Governor Young has already indicated that he would grant both men paroles. But both refuse to accept them. Paroles, they very rightly say, are the privilege of any criminal after serving a portion of his sentence. They demand vindication of their innocence. They have had to fight to convince even their friends of the justice of that stand, for friends who want them out do not easily distinguish between parole and pardon. Freedom is not Mooney's and Billing's demand; but vindication. And it is hard for any governor to confess by pardons that his state for thirteen long years has been guilty of such a scandalous perversion of justice.

Those who are minded to help free these men can do so by writing the governor of California now—Hon. C. C. Young, Executive Mansion, Sacramento; and by contributing to the campaign to get the facts before all the influential citizens and organizations in California. Funds should go to Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee, Box 1475M, San Francisco. Literature on the case can be obtained either from that committee or from the National Mooney-Billings Committee, 100 Fifth Ave., New York.

This frame-up is a challenge to us all. Let us never rest till these men step out of prison, vindicated and free.

ROGER N. BALDWIN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART VI—CHAPTER XXXIV

Navajivan and Young India

Thus whilst this movement for the preservation of non-violence was making steady though ever slow progress on the one hand, Government's policy of lawless repression was in full career on the other and was manifesting itself in the Punjab in its nakedness. Leaders were put under arrest, martial law, which in other words meant no law, was proclaimed, special tribunals were set up. These tribunals were not courts of justice, but only instruments for carrying out the arbitary will of an autocrat. Sentences were passed unwarranted by evidence and in flagrant violation of justice. In Amritsar innocent men and women were made to crawl like worms on their bellies. Before this procedure the Jallianwalla Bagh tragedy paled into insignificance in my eyes, though it was this massacre principally that attracted the attention of the people of India and of the world.

I was pressed to proceed to the Punjab immediately in disregard of consequences. I wrote and also telegraphed to the Viceroy asking for permission to go there, but in vain. If I proceeded without the necessary permission I would not be allowed to cross the boundary of the Punjab and be left to find what satisfaction I could from civil disobedience. The question what to do therefore resolved itself for me into a serious dilemma. As things stood, to break the order against my entry into the Punjab, could, it seemed to me, hardly be classed as civil disobedience, for I did not see around me the kind of peaceful atmosphere that I wanted, and the unbridled repression in the Punjab had further served to aggravate and deepen the feelings of resentment. For me, therefore, to offer civil disobedience at such a time would have been like fanning the flame. I therefore decided not to proceed to the Punjab in spite of the suggestion of friends. It was a bitter pill for me to swallow. Tales of rank injustice and oppression came daily pouring in from the Punjab, but all I could do was to sit helplessly by and gnash my teeth.

Just then Mr. Horniman, in whose hands the *Bombay Chronicle* had become a formidable force, was suddenly spirited away by the authorities. This act of the Government seemed to me to be surrounded by a foulness which still stinks in my nostrils. I know that Mr. Horniman never desired lawlessness. He had not liked my breaking the prohibitory order of the Punjab Government without the permission of the Satyagraha Committee and had fully endorsed the decision to suspend civil disobedience. I had even received from him a letter advising suspension before I had announced my decision to that effect. Only owing to the distance between Bombay and Ahmedabad I got the letter after the announcement. His sudden deportation therefore caused me as much pain as surprise.

As a result of these developments I was asked by the directors of the *Bombay Chronicle* to take up the responsibility of conducting that paper. Mr. Brelvi was there on the staff already, so not much remained to be done by me, but as usual with my nature the responsibility became an additional tax on me.

But the Government came as it were to my rescue, for by its action the publication of the *Chronicle* had to be suspended.

The friends who were directing the management of the *Chronicle*, viz., Messrs. Omar Sobani and Shankarlal Banker were at this time controlling *Young India* also. They suggested that in view of the sup-

pression of the *Chronicle* I should now take up the editorship of *Young India,* and further that in order to fill the gap left by the former, *Young India* should be converted from a weekly into a bi-weekly organ. This was what I felt also. I was anxious to expound the inner meaning of Satyagraha to the public and also hoped that through this effort I should at least be able to do justice to the Punjab situation. For behind all I wrote, there was potential Satyagraha and the Government knew as much. I therefore readily accepted the suggestion made by these friends.

But how could the general public be trained in Satyagraha through the medium of English? My principal field of work lay in Gujarat. Sjt. Indulal Yajnik was at that time associated with the group of Messrs. Sobani and Banker. He was conducting the Gujarati monthly *Navajivan* which had the financial backing of these friends. They placed the monthly at my disposal and further Sjt. Indulal offered to work on it. This monthly was converted into a weekly.

In the meantime the *Chronicle* was resuscitated. *Young India* was therefore restored to its original form. To publish the two weeklies from two different places would have been very inconvenient to me and would have involved more expenditure. And as *Navajivan* was already being published from Ahmedabad *Young India* too at my suggestion was removed there.

There were other reasons besides for this change. I had already learned from my experience with *Indian Opinion* that such journals needed a press of their own. Moreover the press laws in force in India at that time were such that if I wanted to express my views untrammelled, the existing printing presses which were naturally run for business would hesitate to publish them. The need for setting up a press of our own, therefore, became all the more imperative, and since this could be conveniently done only at Ahmedabad, *Young India* too had to be taken there.

Through these journals I now commenced the work of educating the reading public in Satyagraha to the best of my ability. Both of them had reached a very wide circulation which at one time rose to the neighborhood of forty thousand in each case. But while the circulation of *Navajivan* went up at a bound that of *Young India* increased only by slow degrees. After my incarceration the circulation of both these journals fell to a low ebb and today stands below eight thousand.

From the very start I set my face against taking advertisements in these journals. I do not think that they have lost anything thereby. On the contrary it is my belief that it has in no small measure helped them to maintain their independence.

Incidentally these journals helped me also to some extent to remain at peace with myself, for whilst immediate resort to civil disobedience was out of the question, they enable me freely to ventilate my views and to put heart into the people. Thus in my opinion both the journals rendered yoeman's service to the people, in this hour of trial, and did their humble bit towards lightening the tyranny of the martial law.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by P.*)

Unity Endowment Fund

Recent Contributions

On May 27th the fund had reached	$51,997.00
Since that time the following friends have sent in checks:	
Miss Lydia Nilsson Stjernberg, New Hope, Penna.	5.00
Miss Miriam E. Warren, Chelmsford, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. E. L. Lobdell, Chicago, Ill	100.00
Mr. Hector M. Holmes, Boston, Mass	50.00
Mrs. Ruth Edstrom, Vasteras, Sweden	50.00
Mrs. E. E. Whitney, Chicago, Ill	50.00
Mrs. Evelyn B. Polachek, New York, N. Y. (Pledge)	200.00
Miss Florence Hoge, Wheeling, W. Va	5.00
Mr. Arnold P. Tate, Everett, Mass	5.00
Sheed Anderson, Brookline, Mass	10.00
J. S. S. D. in memory of Gertrude Savage Collyer	25.00
Mrs. Donald Davidson, Monsey, N. Y.	3.00
Miss Josephine Pennock, Philadelphia	10.00
Mrs. Cora B. Wightman, Plattsburg, N. Y.	5.00
Elizabeth Wilhelm, New York City	5.00
Mr. Harold G. Arnold, W. Roxbury, Mass.	5.00
Miss Emma Endeman, Brooklyn, N. Y	10.00
Rebecca Lefkowitz, Brooklyn, N. Y	2.00
Miss Ellen R. Riggs, Cambridge, Mass	5.00
Miss Frederica W. Trow, New York City	2.00
Miss Marguerite Emilio, Salem, Mass	10.00
Miss Clara G. Heins, Brooklyn, N. Y	25.00
Mrs. Jerome Regensburg, Tampa, Florida	50.00
Miss Esther Witkowsky, Chicago	5.00
Mrs. Adaline B. Gaskell, Kingsville, Texas	1,000.00
	$53,639.00

This total represents seventy-four givers. This is a good beginning; can it be doubled during the next few months?

We quote a few sentences from recent correspondence which should stimulate our efforts and give new courage to those working on the fund:

Happily I add my wee bit to the Unity Endowment fund. You will find enclosed my personal check for $5.00. I wish I were able to make it many times that amount. UNITY keeps us, who have little time for reading, informed regarding the affairs of the whole world. I look forward to it with great joy each week. The Editor-in-chief is indeed a genius, one of the greatest men of our day. May humanity be blessed with many more years of his service.

Enclosed you will find check for $25.00. This I want to send toward the Endowment Fund. I am disappointed that it cannot be more. UNITY is a wonderful paper and is worth while. I shall continue to work for it.

The enclosed check for ten dollars does not cover my debt of gratitude to UNITY, but it is at least a small token of my affection, and it will help to swell the Endowment Fund a little.

I could say a great deal in praise of UNITY, both from the point of view of a subscriber and that of a contributor, but perhaps I'd better exercise my New England reserve and simply say that I would not be without UNITY for anything, and that my only regret in regard to it is that I did not make its acquaintance much earlier in my life.

HELEN SWIFT NEILSON, *Treasurer.*

The Study Table

Latin America

An unusual and highly important book is Ernest Gruening's "Mexico and Its Heritage."[1] It represents an enormous personal investigation diligently pursued in the field. It discusses the Revolution and its results and is practically confined to the last eight years —the administration periods of Obregon and Calles. A book of that scope, written by a man who knows practical affairs through a journalistic experience of many years, is more than welcome and should carry much weight. It will displease a horde of people who are "interested" in Mexico and who know the country through a narrow personal experience; it will be denounced as partisan and biased, as radical, as approving and encouraging communistic and bolshevist ideas. It is really neither partisan nor biased, nor is over-radical, or "red." It aims to be fair; that is all. There has been so little fairness in regard to Mexico that any man who is fair is sure to be bitterly stamped as a partisan. Emphasis should be placed upon the latter part of the title of the book. Mexico of today is emphatically the result of the past. It is what it is because of its old Indian blood, because of the nature of the Spanish conquest and the character of the conquerors, because of the three hundred years of Spanish control during which the interests of the mother country outweighed those of the colony. Mexico today inherits a mixture of bloods, of cultures, of conflicting tendencies. It labors under a thousand disadvantages that it has inherited from the past. It has much more difficult problems to solve than we had in our first century of independence. It is now at a serious disadvantage in being next neighbor to a country that differs from it in all fundamental viewpoints, with different tendencies, different criteria of judgment—and which has ambitions to be developed, and power to intervene. It is difficult for Mexico to work out her destiny unhindered and uninterrupted. She is dealing with problems, she is grappling with difficulties; if she is to reach happy solutions, she must be left to deal with them herself. Mr. Gruening first sketches the historical background. He then gives a chapter to the Indian heritage; then he takes up the vital questions of the day — the Revolution, agrarian problems, the church, the army, labor, politics, justice, education, health, foreign relations, women. He deals with them with sympathy and understanding; he is friendly but not partisan; he does not conceal weaknesses and errors, nor suppress the seamy side of things. He speaks quite frankly of graft, of fraud, of cruelty, of wickedness in high places. But he feels that the Revolution was natural, inevitable, justified, and making for improvement and development. It incorporates some bases and principles, which are now gaining ground in other lands; in many ways it is notably advanced, modernistic, and forward-looking. Our author devotes an interesting chapter to the cultural products of the Revolution. An astonishing flowering of art (painting, sculpture, music, dance, literature) has taken place during these days of turmoil—and in it all the Indian blood comes out strongly and sharply. Gruening's book is abundantly illustrated with new pictures from his own photographs. At the close of his discussion, he says:

> These are no mean achievements in the face of the Mexican heritage. *If* these gains can be consolidated and further advances made; if they are not swept away in a recurrent upheaval; *if* the lessons of the past eight years can be taken advantage of; *if* Obregon in his next term can build on Calles' administration, as Calles built on Obregon's, and as Obregon built on the wreck and ruin of the past—then the next few years can easily mark a progress unparalleled in Mexican history.

I wish that Gruening had appreciated better the significance of Carranza, that stubborn old man, upon whose foundation Obregon's constructive work rested. The assassination of Obregon and the revolutionary ripple now ending, do not affect the general tenor of Gruening's conclusion. Something was done by Carranza, something by Obregon, something by Calles. Each has made advance. Obregon is gone; the subsequent upheaval is probably spent. The foundations remain and upon them some other man will build. If we, in our ignorance, do not interfere, "the next few years can easily mark a progress unparalleled."

Interesting for more than one reason is "The Mexican Side of the Texan Revolution,"[2] just issued by a Dallas publisher. The great state of Texas is fully self-conscious. Wonderful development goes on in all directions. The growth of such cities as Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth is astonishing. San Antonio is no longer a town, but a great and growing city. The development of the Port of Houston for commerce by ocean-borne vessels is marvelous beyond the wildest of dreams. With material progress, there is going on a cultural development that is equally impressive. The University of Texas at Austin is making wonderful strides, but it is the leader of a group of flourishing institutions in the state. Some time ago the University purchased the splendid Genaro Garcia library of Mexican history, the most important of its kind that has been purchasable for many years. Mexico ought never to have permitted it to go beyond its borders, but if it had to be alienated Texas was the legitimate acquirer. It is the gem, the most prized jewel, in the University's library, which has grown under its present competent director to be more than creditable. At the University studies and research in Mexican history and conditions are encouraged and a member of its faculty gives us monthly, through one of the well known magazines, an excellent summary of affairs in Mexico. Ah, well! it is from that University that there now emanates this book on the Texan Revolution of 1836. The volume consists of five reports, narratives, discussions by Mexicans who were prominent participants in the affair. All five are in the nature of apologies, or defenses. The five writers were Lopez de Santa Anna, Martinez Caro, Filisola, Worea and Tornel y Mendivil. Santa Anna was, of course, the leader of the ill-fated expedition; Martinez Caro was his secretary; Tornel y Mendivil was Mexican minister of war at the time; the other two were officers in the field. The five papers were issued as independent pamphlets, in Spanish of course, just after the event. These pieces have been translated, edited and annotated by Carlos E. Castaneda, who is Latin-American librarian at the University. The

1. Mexico and Its Heritage. Ernest Gruening. New York: 1928. The Century Co. 8 vo. pp. xix. 728. Price $6.00.

2. The Mexican Side of the Texan Revolution (1863). Edited by Carlos E. Castaneda. Dallas: 1928. P. L. Turner Co. 8 vo. pp. vii. 391.

documents are interesting and deal with an event which was spectacular, memorable, and of considerable importance. The student of history will find the book useful. An additional point of interest is that the book is brought out in excellent shape, by a Texas house, which makes some specialty of books on Texas themes.

A truly extraordinary book is "Black Majesty," by John W. Vandercook[3]. Seven printings were made in six months. This would not be extraordinary for a decalogue of science, or a popular treatise on ductless glands or behaviorism. Such appeal to the brainless crowd, that wants to be thought "up" on the latest discoveries of science (knowing nothing either of scientific methods or actual results) and which craves for the sensational. But this book is history, biography, and its hero is a negro. It is unusual for such a book to have such pronounced success. Vandercook has enormous enthusiasm, he has soaked himself in the environment of his story, he has come into intimate touch with the black men such as his hero ruled, and he has a literary style that touches and grips and pictures with unusual vividness. He is fortunate, too, in his illustrator, Mahlon Blaine, one of the new creatives, whose pictures are individual and weird but fit the story as a glove fits the hand. Henry Christophe, King or Emperor of Haiti, was born in slavery. He was one of the two great leaders to whom Haitian independence was due. Touissant l'Ouverture has gained his meed of glory; all the world knows his name and speaks it with respect. But Christophe is less known, less understood, less admired. It is *his* story that Vandercook relates. In speaking of his period of glory our author says:

> There were two men of transcendent greatness then—Napoleon of France and the King of Haiti, Henry Christophe, the only man alive who had defeated him in war.

At the close of the independence struggle, Christophe was in complete control of the northern half of the great island. Would that he had also controlled the southern half! Once in power, he proclaimed himself king. There was no mincing of matters. There was no division of authority. He knew what his people needed. He was vain, no doubt, but a great man. His capital was at Cap Haitien; there was his palace of Sans Souci; there, with almost slave-labor, he erected that famous citadel, which still remains, his greatest monument. Under him, his kingdom made prodigious advance; his people developed remarkable cleanliness and diligence.

> Factories were busy and the bay was filled with ships. The great plain between the hills was a sugar field, the finest in the world, its area measured by hundreds of square miles. Along the roads out of the town, roads bedded evenly with gleaming white stones, were plantations owned by negroes who bore with dignity the titles of duke and baron and count.
>
> It ended in gloom and tragedy. The kingdom was sapped and undermined by the ideas of democracy emanating from the south. Black Majesty died by suicide, his people—tired of work—in revolt. And Christophe's kingdom scarce outlived the night. The republic closed the schools, and let the farms fall to weed and rank jungle. His palaces stayed empty.

Under general editorship of Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, three "Studies in American Imperialism" have been issued by the Vanguard Press. They are uniform in style, size and price. The expenses of publication have been borne by the "American Fund for Public Services." The subjects for the three volumes have been selected to show a diversity of conditions. They are Cuba, Santo Domingo and Bolivia. "Our Cuban Colony"[4] is by Leland K. Jenks. It presents the facts regarding Cuba — "Cubalibre." Here our hold is complete. We have made sugar the one important product of the island and we hold Cuba's prosperity or adversity at our absolute control. Tobacco, which once rivaled, indeed surpassed, it in importance is so absolutely under our control, that it is produced or not produced at our whim, regardless of the thousands of workers who depend upon it and who know no other occupation. The resources of the island are passing absolutely into American hands. A non-compliant Cuban or Spanish plantation owner can be ruined or forced to sell, by our control of "centrals," transportation, and the like. The Platt Amendment gives us the right to interfere legally in Cuban government, whenever we see fit to do so. Introduction of American capital has been making of Cuba a sugar estate run by chartered accountants and bond salesmen. It has raised seriously the question whether a country can long endure on the basis of one-crop latifundia managed by absentee proprietors as an adjunct to business in a foreign land.

—The problem is different in Haiti. Here we have experimented with both the republics that make up the great island. What we have done in one of them is described by Melvin M. Knight in "The Americans in Santo Domingo."[5] Here we have no Platt Amendment to legalize our interference at will. Yet for many years we have carried on the affairs of a nation that desires to be left alone. Theoretically we have only run their customs houses and handled their foreign finances. Actually we have secured foothold, directed development, controlled governments, created markets for American goods, shut out other nations, and maintained a lot of employees at unnaturally handsome wages.

> The real "Yankee peril" in the Dominican Republic is the process of economically North-Americanizing the Western Hemisphere. Santo Domingo will probably never be heavily colonized from the United States—the climate will take care of that. But there is a danger that we may take the prosperity and leave her the posterity—a horde of laborers to make sugar for the coffee cups of the Temperate Zone.

—As yet we have not made as evident success in the South American continent. Margaret A. Marsh considers "The Bankers in Bolivia."[6] We can read the story and feel that we are doing a world service, aiding a backward and isolated nation to its place in the sun. No doubt many do read the facts and feel comfort, even pride, in our benevolence. But here again what we are doing is to enslave a people. Oil, tin and railroads are here the lure to capital. So far there has been no overt interference with government; there has been only the loaning of money for development. The loans are on rather onerous terms and in amount and insecurity have necessitated a Permanent Fiscal Commission, representing the American bankers, for administering the national finances.

> To pile up foreign investments in a country that is underpopulated, where fifty per cent of the inhabitants lack initiative, can neither read nor write, and are to a large degree practically slaves, means either encouraging exploitation of the country's resources with little permanent benefit to the country, or saddling the country with an external debt which there is little indication that it will ever be able to meet.

A good piece of school textbook work is Crespo's

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3. **Black Majesty.** John W. Vandercook. New York: 1928. Harpers and Brothers. 16 mo. pp. x. 207.

4. **Our Cuban Colony.** Leland K. Jenks. New York: 1928. Vanguard Press. 16 mo. pp. xxi. 341. Price $1.00.

5. **The Americans in Santo Domingo.** Melvin M. Knight. New York: 1928. Vanguard Press. 16 mo. pp. xix. 189. Price $1.00.

6. **The Bankers in Bolivia.** Margaret A. Marsh. New York: 1928. Vanguard Press. 16 mo. pp. xvi. 233. Price $1.00.

"Geografia de Panama."[7] Intended for use in the public schools of the Isthmian republic, it is written in Spanish by the inspector general of the schools of Panama. It is printed and manufactured in this country, by the firm of D. C. Heath & Co. It embodies the latest ideas in its field. It is divided into three parts—regional geography (the child's own surrounding), geography of the Republic, and universal geography (Panama and the rest of the world). It is well illustrated, well printed and well planned. The second section is the most important. The treatment here emphasizes the natural regions rather than the political divisions. The three great natural regions—lowlands of the south, lowlands of the north, and highlands are taken up in order and after these have been described and studied in detail, the essentials of political geography are presented in relation to the natural features. Panama is making a serious educational effort. There is free education from the kindergarten to the University and compulsory education from seven to fourteen years of age, inclusive. There are three normal schools for the preparation of rural, two for urban, teachers. The National Institute is the culmination of the system with courses in law, pharmacy and agriculture.

FREDERICK STARR.

7. **Geografia de Panama.** José D. Crespo. Boston: 1928. D. C. Heath and Co. Lg. 8 mo. pp. xvi. 192.

Correspondence

UNITY Abroad

Editor of UNITY:

Never before have I appreciated UNITY as this winter when I have had plenty of time to read and ponder everything, even the advertisements. Financially it might be better to have more advertisements. As they are now, they represent neighborliness and friendship. I would we could increase the Endowment so UNITY could do without others. It has always seemed to me doubtful ethics for reform papers like UNITY to solicit advertisements.

First I read the "Text," the sentiment printed in black face type and wonder if Mrs. Jones or Mr. Holmes chooses it. I glance over the Editorials to see what they are about, and if I agree or disagree. I read and usually smile at the Jottings. Then turn to the Book Reviews to see what books are reviewed and by whom, always glad when Frederick Starr finds time to turn the searchlight on United States thought and character, though I must say his searchlight is often more like an X-Ray, revealing the hidden things that endanger the health of the United States.

It was years ago at Lincoln Centre that Professor Starr first introduced us to his friends the Mexicans. They became our friends, so great was our confidence in his loyalty to truth and our admiration for his high type of patriotism. Later he shared with us his friends in Central America, Japan and China. It was a kindly act, I suppose, to so enlarge our world of friendship, but it keeps one thinking and wondering. It is so much easier not to think or wonder, just take it for granted, that we always act as kind, helpful, unselfish neighbors. One loves to think of the United States in pious robes with a near-halo on our head. Frederick Starr has such a startling way of tearing asunder the pious robes, revealing the big stick and turning the near-halo into a dollar sign.

Next I read the "Letters" and feel proud to be one of such a goodly company of correspondents. Isn't it fine that many, while differing in fact, catch and prize the spirit of UNITY?

Then I read the last page. I call it the world's hospital record where from week to week is put down the world's temperature in peace or war, its malnutrition, its delirium and convulsions. It is so evident that the Chinese people starve because they fight, and fight because they starve. India's pain is from too heavy pressure on sensitive nerves. In Europe the high temperature comes from fear, greed and dictatorships. Poor England is just plain sick, too sick to think things through. Loving England, I am so thankful for Ramsay MacDonald; he seems so clear headed and unafraid. Some wise doctors are needed and I fear some surgical operations. This map of Europe was arranged at Versailles. At closer view it seems even queerer than it did at a distance. It requires so many, many soldiers to keep the lines so autocratically established. One wonders if national boundaries are worth the trouble and expense.

Needing spiritual uplift, I hunt out the poetry. So glad if I find one from that dear friend of clear vision, James H. West. Then I turn back and read UNITY all through.

I cannot mention the names of all who uplift, stimulate, cheer and amuse, but I must say it is a red letter day when I find something by Anna Garlin Spencer. When my mother was busy working for the cause of Liberal Religion and Social Purity (I wonder if Hygiene is a better word?) Mrs. Spencer was already doing worthwhile things. Ever since she has been on the right side of every cause, calm and reasonable, winning advocates, letting who will annihilate the opposition.

The Travel Notes and Letters have been most interesting, but really I have been worried many times. I was never more astonished, nor delighted than when I learned that John Haynes Holmes could have an inferiority complex, and about clothes of all things!! When circumstances have combined to make one feel made entirely of mud, it is a great comfort to discover one's idols have clay feet. I was glad it was a fast boat and it was soon over. He might have been tempted in the name of the Unity Endowment to take a chance on the speed of the boat. Had he won enough to complete the Endowment, the needs of his Community Church, the Civil Liberties Union, and all the struggling causes dear to his heart might have tempted him to try again and yet again. Inferiority complexes make people do queer things; some wear evening clothes when they would rather not, some smoke, some drink, some gamble.

Dr. Alfred Adler, on his way to the United States, was reported by the Paris edition of the *Tribune* as saying, "Prohibition causes inferiority complex," also that, "Dry fanatics are psychologically like criminals." It is hard to make these Europeans think we are even kindly and humble hearted, let alone beset with a national inferiority complex. I would never have suspected it myself, but, there is the last election and the great doctor has diagnosed the case. I do hope he discovers a dream or something so he can cure us. If present trouble is caused by an inferiority complex, may the Lord help our neighbors if we ever get a superiority complex! I have wondered why I always sympathize with the under dog, even those in prison. Now I know it is because I am psychologically like a criminal. It is something like the look, a child, from a liberal home in an orthodox community, used to get, when she was told she would surely go to hell to find out, because she didn't believe in hell and the devil. As in that case, the more one thinks of the goodly company, one comes to prefer the warm friendliness and unquenchable optimism. There are advantages in fires that burn on from everlasting to everlasting.

Perhaps Dr. Adler meant the inferiority complex is working in the ones who have started drinking in a childish, smarty, show-off spirit, just to prove they can, and have the price. From the beginning, I have felt they must have an inferiority complex to take up a bad habit, like true children of Eve just because it was forbidden.

Clarence Darrow has just arrived and is reported to have said, "Prohibition, witch-craft—same idea." Also this sage remark, "Since the world existed, a bad law has always been violated, so there will be no end to violations of the Prohibition law until it is repealed." That sounds, for all the world, as if after all he was at heart with Bryan in the controversy about the serpent, Eve and the apple. A great lawyer, I suppose, can claim to know all about the laws for 6,000 years. Probably he started his law education with the one about forbidden fruit. Surely even he can't claim to know all about the mysterious workings of nature along evolutionary lines for untold ages. As a scientist, I prefer David Starr Jordan as authority.

Here is a great question, whether in science, law, or morals I do not pretend to know. Did Eve, in a spirit of civic righteousness, eat the apple to show the Lord of the

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

PERSECUTION OF WORKERS IN HUNGARY

[From the Annual Report of the Labor Party]

At Whitsun the Hungarian Social-Democratic Party held its Conference in Budapest. The Annual Report of the Party Executive paints a provocative picture of the prevailing administrative arbitrariness. Even the rules of Workers' Choral Federations are on principle not sanctioned; in Budakeszi for example, on the ground that in this village there is already a Bourgeois Choral Federation, and that a Workers' Choral Federation is therefore not necessary! Political meetings are only allowed in rare cases. In Nyiregyhaza the workers announce a meeting for Sunday, but the Police Chief prohibits it because the meeting would fetch the tired workers from their Sunday rest! In Steinamanger a meeting was prohibited because the town is situated near the frontier drawn up by the Peace of Trianon, and the frame of mind of the population would therefore be irritated in the highest degree. In Havaszti the announcement of a meeting was refused on the ground that social questions are already discussed in the general meeting of the Consumers' Cooperative Society.

Specially revolting is the description of the *martyrdom to which young workers are submitted in the infamous Levente organizations (compulsory military organizations)*. These young workers are trained for patriotism and for the defence of the Fatherland (in other words, for war) with horrible corporal punishment.

Shortly before the Party Conference the Social-Democratic Party had secured a great victory in the Insurance Elections. Before the victory of the counter-revolution social insurance was in the hands of the organized working class. The counter-revolution threw out every Social-Democratic official, and made the Insurance Organizations strongholds of Fascism. Self-government was completely done away with. The new Social Insurance Law created, on the model of the Hungarian sham-Parliamentary system, a sham-autonomy, and ordered elections, in which, however, the working class was from the first injured, in that in the self-governing bodies, workers and employers were to elect an equal number of representatives.

In the election every sort of terror was employed. The secrecy of the vote was in many districts utterly destroyed by the carrying out of the elections through the post. In many places the clergymen publicly invited the employers to control the filling in of the voting papers. The "Christian" policy was sure of its victory. The utter annihilation of the Social-Democratic Party was spoken of. The result: "In spite of the terror the Social-Democrats obtained in the workers' Curia in Budapest 81 per cent of the votes, and 74 per cent of the average for the whole country. Although the nominated reactionary officials of the social insurance institutes and the districts played a great part in the employees' Curia *about a third of the votes of officials fell to the Social-Democratic list.* Even in the Curia of the owners of handicraft establishments the Social-Democrats obtained 31.1 per cent of the votes.

The reaction only has the majority in the self-governing bodies by the fact that a considerable portion of the seats has been conceded to the great industrialists. Racists and Jewish great industrialists worked together in this group. The list of the National block,

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Garden he had started all wrong in law-making, or did she want the apple? Did she have an inferiority complex or was she the original personal liberty advocate and member of the Anti-Prohibition Association? Was Cain or Abel the better one to have been our ancestor? I have always regretted Abel and despised Cain. Perhaps he too was just trying to prove there should be no "Thou shalt not" laws. Are good laws never violated and bad laws never observed? The more one thinks about it the more confused one becomes.

It is too bad to come so far to say so little to a war sick Europe. Nicholas Murray Butler is doing so much better bringing encouragement and hope that war will end if people will only realize what a great epoch making event was the signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact. Europe does not need imported hammers, they have enough of their own they use all too often to knock us and each other. They need bugles to recall hope, courage, faith, and friendliness to be shown the way to be a United Europe.

It was a comfort to know Curtis Reese was safely sea sick. No complex can bother one in that condition even if it can be retained. It was too bad he was in a hospital in Japan, but it saved us much trouble. He saw so much from the window, what would have happened had he been able to go about and see how happy the children are in Japan and how kindly the old people are cared for?

If he had seen the children making the Temples and their grounds their chief places for play, on friendly, familiar terms with the Gods, running in to throw at walls or ceilings their chewed up prayers as paper pellets, hoping they would stick and so be answered, but having the fun of doing it all over if they didn't. If he had seen this and much else, we know very well the liberal churches would never hear the end of it. As if it isn't all the ministers, trustees and congregations can do to build churches as good as the neighbor's, to be used chiefly by the adults twice a week and for occasional social meetings. We all know Christian children haven't been supposed to be on friendly, familiar terms with the Christian gods since we lost the way Jesus taught us of winning the little ones. Jesus was very near and his God was near and loving, like a father. It did not cost money to keep his church in repair. Since then, the organized Church has come between. So many hymns are about a king and captain and many ministers' prayers get children all worried up about a God that has to be told what to do. The kind and loving all-wise Father Jesus made known has become lost in Gothic beauty, pomp, ceremony, flashing arms, earthly mediators who wear such curious, lovely clothes and funny little caps that even during most solemn mass have to be adjusted just so. Even a grown-up child can't refrain from wondering if Jesus ever cared what color of cap he wore or even if he had one. Beauty is its own excuse for being, we acknowledge our debt to the church for much beauty, but are not surprised that the children of men need Jesus' simple, friendly, close-together sort of religion that did not need even a wide open temple.

In Japan it seems a good deal of religion escaped the priests into the family life. There it is considered a religious duty to pass on the land to the next generation in as good condition as they found it. To think of conservation and reforestation in the name of religion makes one wonder if they haven't something we need.

UNITIES come forwarded in bundles so Curtis Reese was no more than safely lodged in a hospital in Japan than he appeared in Manila, his pockets bulging with cigars he wouldn't deign to smoke, yet passed on to innocent clerks and pursers. It was a relief when he got to India so burdened with goodwill and messages from UNITY, Lincoln Centre and the A. U. A. there was no room for cigars or complexes. He tells us he left with them a message of Humanism. Doubtless they need it and can put it to good use. What I want to know is: Did he have time to think of us and our great need? Did he gather up and bring back sufficient Mysticism to make Humanism satisfying and lasting?

I got far more from Mr. Holmes' letters about Palestine than if I had gone. He had so much to take to Palestine, such reverence, understanding, sympathy and enthusiasm, and he knows so well how to share it all. So we all feel we too have been in Palestine not as tourists but as friends to whom the spirit was revealed. UNITY was greatly enriched by the penetrating observations of two of our Editors. Nevertheless, I recommend we never again encourage any two of our Editors going abroad at the same time. Things might have happened. We like our Editors as they are. UNITY can take no risks of losing the first claim to their love and service.

I wonder if we all do not take too much for granted the love and service given freely by our Editors, editorial contributors, foreign representatives and the Board of Trustees that meets the deficit, enabling UNITY to carry its spirit of hope and confidence to the few, all over the world, who can appreciate its loyalty to truth? In our love and appreciation for them and their service of love, we place high our Managing Editor. Her fine, discriminating taste does much to make UNITY so satisfying.

Territet, Switzerland. O. C. S.

which included all shades of reactionary opinion, suffered a shattering defeat. The elections therefore gave a foretaste of what secret elections in Hungary would mean for the Bethlen government!

Under the Knout of the Counter-Revolution

[The Social-Democratic Conference in Hungary]

The Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung* has received the following from Budapest:

The Party Conference under the eyes of the Police—the Police officer sits by the Chairman and gives him directions! The surface picture of the Party Conference hardly differs from that of the Party Conferences under the regime of Count Tisza. But the gloomy content and the subdued tone of the deliberations reveal the strengthened reaction, the pressure of the counter-revolution, which weighs much more heavily on the Hungarian working class than the domination of the Gentry in the days before the war. . .

At the Party Conference attention was given to the specially important question for Hungary of the revision of the Peace. Official Hungary does not carry on openly the campaign for the revision of the Peace Treaties, but has created a covering organization, the *League for the Revision of the Peace.* The Revision League stands in a similar relation to the Hungarian Government as the Third International to the power of the Soviets. On the directing body of the League sit the pillars of Hungarian Fascism. But as the pioneers for the revision of the arbitrary peace are, in the whole world, the Social-Democratic Parties, the Government feverishly endeavored to win the Hungarian Social-Democratic Party for the Revision League.

As the Social-Democratic Party did not respond to the League's invitation, there followed in some industries an unheard-of pressure to obtain members for the League. The attempt miscarried; only in some industries in which the lowest strata of the working class are employed did the extortion succeed. This success was trumpeted abroad by the Government press, and the breakdown of the Social-Democratic Party was spoken of. The social insurance elections coincided with the attempt to drive the workers into the Revision League, and the issue in these elections was therefore—also a Hungarian specialty—the attitude of the working class towards the Revision League. After the elections the Government press was obliged to revise its judgment on the breakdown of the Social-Democratic Party.

It was for this reason that the Revision question dominated the Party Conference. The refusal of the invitation to join was unanimously approved. Only on the political examination of the Revision question was there any difference between the interpretation of the majority and that of the minority, whose leader is the same Kis who was recently condemned to three years in prison. The majority of the Party demands Democracy on the ground that only a democratic Hungary has a right to the Revision of the Peace Treaties. The minority draws attention to the danger of the illusion of Revision. From an Imperialist Europe Revision cannot be expected; if the Party places the question of Revision in the centre of its propaganda it involuntarily assists the reaction, whose Revision propaganda is only aimed at distracting the attention of the masses from social exploitation.

The Hungarian employers reply to every wage demand by alluding to the Treaty of Trianon. Hair-raising things are told of the miserable wages which are justified by the Treaty of Trianon. The whole administrative machine endeavors to maintain this barbarously low wage level. "The Prime Minister is a very great man," rightly remarked a building worker, "but the judge is still more powerful, and most powerful of all is the gendarme." In the provinces the fate of the worker is completely in the hands of the gendarmes. When the workers in the frontier regions dare to bestir themselves they are hunted across the frontier. Many good Hungarian workers, who have lived in Hungary for 30 or 35 years, have no citizen rights. According to reports at the Party Conference they are simply pushed off to Yugo-Slavia or Czecho-Slovakia. And fat books are published at the expense of the State about "The Violation of Hungary" in the States which have succeeded the old Hungary. . . .

In face of this terrible outlawry of Hungarian citizens the question was rightly raised at the Party Conference: "What will happen to the political rights of the citizens in the separated areas if the Revision of the Peace Treaties is really carried out" The question was indirectly answered by Peyer, who reported that in the prebiscite in Oedenburg (as to whether Oedenburg should belong to Austria or Hungary) he had carried out a spirited propaganda for Hungary. Hungary secured Oedenburg, and as a recompense for the fidelity of the Oedenburg population, stated Peyer, the Oedenburg electoral district was deprived of secret voting! But in this connection the Hungarian constitutional structure is still far from "completed": in the Party Conference it was stated that Bethlen was considering depriving sub-tenants of the right to vote.

Of all the speeches of the Conference the most moving were those which dealt with the fate of the agricultural workers. "In agricultural workers' dwellings," reported Szeder, "I saw four families in a common kitchen. Twenty children crawled about in this smelly, narrow hole."

The bare facts which Szeder produced on the wages of agricultural workers were so inflammatory that the Police officer threatened to prevent him from speaking further. An agricultural worker's speech was cut short when he began to speak about the severe corporal punishment inflicted upon agricultural workers. In addition the villages are hermetically sealed: agricultural workers are not allowed to receive their relatives from the towns.

Anna Kethly related that she had sent letters and books to agricultural workers through the post. But the letters and books did not reach the agricultural workers! An old comrade on the land, the seventy-five-years-old Paul Urban, discussed with his comrades in fate their sad situation. For that reason he has already lain for a month in the public prosecutor's prison. The Conference gave a warm ovation to this brave fighter. The arrested Comrade Kis was also honored with applause which lasted for several minutes, and he was elected to the Commission for the Protection of Political Prisoners.

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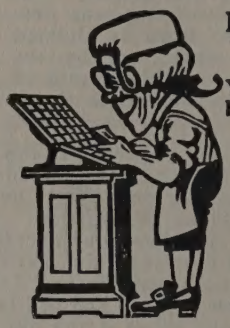
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